

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE MESSAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY SIBYL PARK.

"How shall I know her? and what shall I tell her when we meet in the land beyond the River?"

You will know her when you meet her  
By her forehead white and fair,  
By her sweet mouth's sweet smiling,  
And the waves of golden hair.  
By her eyes, for oh! their beauty  
Shines the violet on the plain,  
You will know her, you must love her,  
My lost darling, Ebel Wayne.

Her voice was like the dropping  
Of a meadow brook's sweet tone;  
Or like the dainty singing  
Of a wildwood bird in June.  
You will know her very truly  
When she softly breathes my name,  
You will tell her how I love her,  
My lost darling, Ebel Wayne.

Now the twilight gathers darkly,  
Wailing all the world away,  
You will meet her ere the morning  
Breaketh into perfect day.  
You will tell her when you meet her  
In the bright, angelic train,  
That my life is lone without her,  
My lost darling, Ebel Wayne.

Tell her this,—ah, well! it may be  
That she knows how long the years  
Have grown with weary shadows,  
And with dismal falling tears.  
If she knows,—she'll see her dying  
And our love have not been vain,  
While she waits, with patient waiting,  
My lost darling, Ebel Wayne.

Old friend, dear friend, remember!  
Shall I raise your head once more?  
Let me clasp your cold hand closely,  
Till you reach the other shore.  
"You will tell her," you! I hear you,  
Death is but a moment's pain;  
Oh! he'll sail beyond the River,  
With you, darling Ebel Wayne.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

### A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORLAND,"  
"FUGED WILL," "BARTON,"  
"RINGS OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Henry and Isaline were still conversing together in whispers, in their place of concealment, when the former suddenly started, with a look of alarm, turned slightly pale, and placed his finger to his lips. Isaline had not herself heard anything, but she feared that they were menaced with new danger, and instantly the blood forsook her sweet face, her breathing ceased, and her heart appeared to become still.

"It may have been fancy," at length whispered Henry, "but I thought I heard a sound like the distant snapping of a dry stick."

"Oh, Heaven grant our cruel enemies be not returned!" gasped Isaline.

"There! hark! do you hear that?"

"I hear something like the rustling of bushes, Henry."

"All still again!" said Henry, after a brief pause. "Perhaps it was only some animal passing through the wood here."

"Did I hear it?"

"It is like a human voice now!" gasped Isaline, the picture of terror and despair.

"It is a human voice, speaking in a low tone!" said Henry. "There! another voice now, as if in reply!"

"Friend or foe, Henry?"

"The sounds seem hardly guttural enough for savages."

"Oh, if the borderers have only returned!" said Isaline.

"Hark!" said Henry, with a bright flash of joy. "I do believe I hear the voices of our friends!"

"Oh, Father in Heaven, grant it!" prayed Isaline.

The sounds gradually became more audible, as if the speakers were drawing nearer to the spot where our lovers still remained concealed. Presently other voices were heard, and immediately after, both Henry and Isaline were able to distinguish the solemn words:

"We'd better dig that grave here!"

"Our friends have returned to bury their dead!" he said, with a look of solemn awe. "God be praised, that deliverance has come to us! But there will be a night, my dear, sweet Isaline, that you must not look upon! Let me go out to them alone, my darling; and when all is over, I will return for you and conduct you from this terrible place."

"Oh, dear Henry, are you sure?"

There was no need of a reply to the question—for in the same moment a voice, which they both recognized, was heard saying:

"What's the use? I can't find Harry Culburn, either living or dead."

"He! my friend Tom! I must go to him at once!" said Henry, with a bright gleam of satisfaction. "Remember, dearest, you must not leave here till I return for you!" he added, as he quietly rose and cautiously crept out of the thicket.

"Oh, look out well for danger, dear Henry!" returned Isaline, warningly.

"I will, my darling, never fear!"

On creeping out from the thicket, Henry perceived his late companions grouped together at the foot of a tree, Rough Tom among the number. He approached them quietly, and was not perceived till within a few feet, when he was greeted with a shout of pleasure. Rough Tom fairly danced with delight, and grasped his hand as warmly as if he had been absent for a month.

"Harry, my boy," he said, "I'm glad to see you! For I was afraid that either the red-skinners, or the Phantoms, or some other infernal thing had sent you to Kingdom Come!"

"I had a wonderful preservation, Tom!" said Henry; and as he spoke, his eyes fell upon three still, bloody forms, that lay stretched out, side-by-side, at the feet of the men. "Dead?" he asked, with a shudder, pointing to the bodies.

"All dead," answered Tom, "but only one of 'em sculped. We've pitted 'em up and fetched 'em to bury 'em. That's two more on us missing yet, though I hope they'll turn up like you has. But what'd you come from, Harry?"

"Do you see those brambles, filling up the hollow made by the uprooting of that old tree yonder?"

"I expect."

"I have been concealed there ever since you left."

"Too sketched to run and make a skimming foot of yourself, like we done, boy?" grinned the old woodsman.

"No, I have not been scared at all—at least in the way you probably suppose!" said Henry. "I was thrown down there by an Indian, who fell with me, and I suppose would have killed me, had he not himself become frightened and run away in such haste as to forget his rifle."

"And you wasn't sketched by the—scowling Phantom nary once, hey?" said Tom, with a doubting, quizzical look.

"I have not heard the Phantom—at least today."

"No? Then what did you hear? Call it the Devil, if you likes that better."

"I was stunned by my fall, I suppose, for I heard nothing!" rejoined Henry, purposely prolonging the subject, in order to draw Tom out and then give him a pleasant surprise. "When I came to my senses, I was greatly astonished to find that both you and the Indians had gone and left the field clear. At first I was alarmed, thinking the savages might be in pursuit of you; but subsequently I came to another conclusion. What was the real cause of your flight? and where are our enemies now?"

"What became of the Indians, I don't know," answered Tom; "but we all got sketched together, by a most infernal scorch—just like that we've heard afore—and all on us run—no leading off and making a general sally of myself. Harry, you know this year ain't the first time I've run, and made a run, scowling, coward tinner of myself, just for a scorch or two; but of ever I do it ag'in, just you mention it to old Rough Tom, and give him my compliments, and tell him he's a—fool! Ag'in! woe! what's the use?"

"And did you really hear a shriek, Tom, like that we have heard before?"

"Yes! we heard it last night when we were camped, you know, and this morning ag'in, right in the middle of the fight."

"Did it sound like the scream of a woman?"

"No! It was only a low moan."

"Where was it?"

"The Lord knows!"

"Where were you?"

"Right over that, where you see that bent tree."

The spot pointed out was about twenty yards from the bramble-pit, and Henry asked if the sound appeared to have come from that direction.

Tom did not know—it appeared to him to have come from every where.

"I think I have got hold of the Creature that made the noise!" said Henry, gravely.

"You hear get it caught, you say?"

"Yes."

"Killed it?"

"No."

"Got it yet?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"It's yonder bramble pit."

"Woe! I shudder! what is it like?"

"Very much like a woman."

"Big as a woman?"

"As big as some women."

"Any fire and brimstone about it?"

"Have not seen any. You see I am not scorching anywhere—not even my hair singed."

"It ain't the same one I seed then?" said Tom; "for that that war all fire and brimstone?"

"Except the hair and scales like a fish, as you remember you mentioned, Tom!" smiled Henry.

"Shag! what's the use? I'd like to see this critter of yours, Harry!"

"Well, you shall; and you will be pleased with the sight I know. I have not been so delighted with anything since I lost the colonel's daughter."

"Ah, that poor gal!" sighed Tom. "I'm afraid them Devils got her out of the way, and that we'll never see her ag'in! I say, yonder, how's we agwine to see the colonel and tell him we lost the gal?"

"It would be hard to do I know, Tom; but then we have the satisfaction of knowing we did all in our limited human power, and are not to be blamed for results."

"You don't take it so hard's you done at first, do ye, lad?" said Tom, kindly. "I'm glad on't—for I expected what little sense you'd got agwine to peg out and leave you boy! In course I'd go my death to save that ag'in! but of it can't be did, why, what's the use? We'll have to face the colonel; and you'll have to find another gal, or else let the courting business drop, which I expect you'll hear the best. I never had no women bothering me, so, so?"

"Well, come, Tom, let me show you this Creature, that I am satisfied gave you such a fright."

"Down in the brambles that, and nigh as big as a woman?"

"Yes."

"How've you got it fastened?"

"I let it perfectly free."

Tom turned and faced his young companion and laughed derisively.

"You're a confounded filthy fool about some things, yonder!" he said. "D'yer s'pose that ag' Varmint's agwine to stay that by itself, whilst you goes around and axes up your friends to make a monkey show on't? And that just puts me in mind—how'd you catch it?"

"It caught me first, Tom!" said Henry.

"When I recovered my senses, after my fall, I found it in my very arms; and it has been with me ever since; and it being so tame, I thought of course it would not run away, even if I left it alone for a few minutes; so, as I happened to hear you speak my name, I hastened here to meet you. But come and see for yourself!"

"Either you're a—fool or I'm, and I know it ain't me!" grumbled the old woodsman, as he went forward with Henry, leaving the others busy in digging the graves of their dead comrades with their knives and hatchets.

"By-the-by, Tom, are you sure we are perfectly safe here from an attack of the savages or were fighting with 'em?" asked Henry, as they walked toward the thicket, glancing around him somewhat anxiously. "If they got frightened off from the same cause as you did, may they not take the same notion to return?"

"No danger, I reckon!" answered Tom. "They'll be glad enough, I expect, to make pretty clean tracks for the Ohio now, and we oughter follow 'em! We scoured all round afore we came here, and we found that trail leading off in that direction; and of 't'other party, as went off with Pete Billings that way, he says they was sketched, but he never saw 'em yet! I wonder what the other two missing fellows is that we can't get no trace of?"

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## THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

## REDUCTION OF \$10.00.

## A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can get some thousands of our readers to work for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and \$60.00

or

30 Subscribers and \$75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's \$15 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars more than our previous offer.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

## POVERTY.

"Poverty! thou halfter of death, thou counterpane of hell, where shall I find force of exorcism equal to the amplitude of thy demerits?"

Thus said the unhappy Burns, and he knew perhaps better than any one else all the horrors that spring from a too great intimacy with the cold, crusty demon. A wife and five children, an ex-cannibal off duty, with salary reduced from fifty to thirty-five pounds a year—no wonder he should speak forcibly.

What a contrast! the sweet poet, whose songs were destined to live as long as the English language shall endure, too ill to work, too poor to live without it, his last days embittered by poverty, while thousands with not a sixth part of his brain, nor a thousandth part of his soul, were rolling in wealth, dying peacefully in his beds, and mourning perchance with pious horror at the life and errors into which circumstances more frequently perhaps than inclination so often drove the unhappy poet. Why is it we often ask that genius is so pressed by poverty? Is the mind of man so fashioned that it cannot make its highest flight unless goaded on by necessity? Burns is not the only instance of poverty that has come down to us, calling a tear of pity as we think of all they must have endured.

Oh, at what a fearful cost is fame purchased, to think of a man like Edmund Burke feeling the ordinary inconvenience of straightened circumstances. But one says, "Burke ought to have earned his income in an honest calling." Perhaps he ought, I am not here to vindicate him—I only know him as a man of genius fettered by poverty.

Lord Erskine was at one time a poor, needy author, selling a political book for fifteen pounds. Crabbe, buoyed up with the hope of bettering his fortunes, went to London with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with but three pounds in his pocket. This trifling sum expended the deepest distress awaited him. There was no impostor named to recommend his writings, and an attempt to publish himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. His poverty became known to the persons with whom he resided, and no far his indulgence could be expected from them. He had paid his last dollar, and was threatened with prison. In this extremity he ventured to apply to Burke. With no introduction but his name, no recommendation but his distress, he applied, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Burke took him at once to his own home, and introduced him to Reynolds, Johnson and others, whose friendship was of signal service to him.

Fichte was as much distressed when he wrote to Kant, offering as security for a loan his honor and integrity as a man. Kant considered this sufficient, and the money was freely given.

Wesley became so much reduced that he was forced to beg; his publisher even, who had been enriched by his works, refusing to lend him seventy pounds, knowing of course his inability to refund it.

How the antiquarian, become so poor, that he obtained the consent of James the First to go "a begging" through thirty-five counties, and actually carried a paper drawn up, signed, and sealed by the king "to all archbishops, bishops, deans," &c.

At times the pecuniary affairs of William Penn were so deranged that he was afraid of his creditors.

Richard Hall suffered so much from poverty and harsh treatment, that he wrote a book of complaint, called "Hard Measures."

At Bologna is a manuscript of the "Image of Philosopher," in the handwriting of Michael Apostolides, a Greek refugee from Constantinople, with this inscription:—"The king of the poor of this world wrote this book for bread."

Thanker said of himself:—"I was since I came into this world I have been reduced to Poverty, who has now begged me to be honest three seventy winters ago (1790); and whether we shall ever be separated here below is only known to Him who joined us together."

Homage! aware that he lived for eight months on fifteen pounds that he received of a publisher for his translation into French of Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

Ulrich Von Sitten, one of the greatest writers that Germany ever produced, begged his way from door to door, and when denied shelter, slept on the bare ground. He died when only thirty-six, leaving nothing except his pen.

Saint Simon was so pinched by poverty, that during the whole of a severe winter he denied himself food, in the hope of being able to defray the expenses of publication, living on bread and water, and even selling his clothes to defray the expense of copying his work. One day his courage forsook him, and he attempted to take his life. He was not successful, however—and the next day found him at his labor with renewed hope.

Ben. Jonson's last days were passed in poverty. While Spenser died for lack of bread in King Street.

Llorente, once a Canon at Toledo, and a Privy Counsellor at Madrid, was so poor while in Paris, that one night he hired himself out to watch a dead man's body. The matchless Canova was compelled to wander through the streets a wretched dependent on casual contributions. But one friend he claimed, and this was Antonio, his slave. This faithful attendant was accustomed to seek aid through Lisbon, but with little success. Canova sank beneath the pressure of want, and died in the almshouse.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we did the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broadening vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustration, "The Forsaken Wife," is full of tragic pathos, a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A capitalizing hermit, a breakfast from a useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with lace, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from *Vesta*—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influence of some fashionable boarding-school; "Rescued by a Ghost," the continued story; "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters as winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the sale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE HOLY GHOST; OR, REASON AND REVELATION. BY HERBERT EDWARDS, Archbishop of Westminster. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Bakstien, Philadelphia.

AN EXERCISE, IN A Letter to the Author of "The Christian Year." By E. B. FRY, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Bakstien, Philadelphia.

GUN-COTTON FOR SPORTING.—The experiments made under government authority as to gun-cotton, though not yet completed with great care, have led to encouraging results with small arms. Cartridges of gun-cotton can now be manufactured which command a range as great as that of powder, and without injury to the rifle, even after firing two thousand rounds. Moreover, certain special advantages are claimed for gun-cotton. It creates but little smoke; it does not feel the barrel, and the "kick" is much less than with powder. Thus being the case, we are not surprised to hear from Gen. Sabine, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the subject, that gun-cotton cartridges have been largely in demand for sporting purposes during the past shooting-season.—*English paper.*

GERMAN EMIGRATION.—50,000 Germans sailed last year for the United States, chiefly from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen; and it is expected that the number will be doubled this year. Political dissatisfaction is perhaps the motive for this multitudinous emigration.

In connection herewith, it is noteworthy that Professor Weicker, well known in German literature, has offered a reward of one thousand florins for the best essay on the way to get rid of a government without a revolution—that is, of a government which sets itself systematically to violate the constitutional rights of the people.

January had two full moons this year, March will have two, and February has been left with none. This phenomenon has not occurred before since the creation, and will not again, as far as is known, occur in the next half millennium. By that time the moon will probably have fulfilled its mission.

A division of Oregon is agitated, which will give that state all west of the Cascade Mountains, and lying between California and British Columbia, and form a new state or territory out of the Cascades, out of the territory which would be detached by the Cascade line from Oregon and Washington.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY OSBWO.

Accidental Acquaintance.—Making Red Friends.—Aricanians.—An Indian Town.—Indian Welcome.—Hospitality.—Introduction.—Interesting Ceremony.

It was to accident that we were indebted for an acquaintance with a country and people, of which and of which it is probable no previous wanderer in the far south has ever made more than a very superficial observation.

One evening during our sojourn in Santiago, it happened that O'Hara, Cator, Senor Montero and our Swedish botanist, in their drifting about, came upon a party of Chilean outlaws who had set upon four chiefs of the Aricanians Indians, who as we afterwards ascertained had stolen the purpose of the Indians being first robbery, murder being always incidental and a secondary consideration.

The chiefs were defending themselves bravely, but they were largely outnumbered—two of them were severely hurt, and they would soon have been under entirely, but for the providential appearance of our four sojourners, who taking side with the weaker party, set their revolvers at work upon the outlaws to such purpose that in less than five minutes three of the rascals were down and past doing any further mischief in this world, three more were incapacitated for either fighting or running away, while the remainder ran as these southern semi-barbarians invariably do, if they can, before northern resolution and a revolver.

The Aricanian chiefs were rescued from an uncomfortable position, conducted to our headquarters, the hurts of the wounded men carefully dressed by our M. D. Bond and Romaine, the women of our party were demonstrative in their kind offices, and the southern savages learned to their utter amazement that there were white men and women in the world who were practically a great deal better Christians than those of South America, whom to hate with all the intensity of their savage nature was traditional, and a part of their very existence.

Intuitively the red men had learned that our friendship was real, disinterested, and unreservedly they tendered us their own in return. When they learned that our journey was to be to the southward, they insisted upon our visiting their people at home, and were only content when we had given them our promise that we would do so. They then assured us that we should find the Aricanians all friends, and we should be shown more of their country, people, customs and productions than strangers had ever seen.

When we had progressed so far southward that the northern portion of the Aricanian territory lay to the left—just how far distant we were not definitely advised, though some of the wandering vagabonds of no nationality, whom we questioned, answered: "To no one—no one knows the limits of the Aricanian territory." I guess thirty leagues, more or less. One evening, when we were going into town to a sudden incursion of mounted red men—a cavalry of thirty, or about that number, of magnificent looking fellows splendidly mounted, every Indian of them rearing out at his might of legs: "Amigos! Amigos! Amigos todos grande." (Friends—Friends—All great friends.) Then as their leader waved vigorously a white flag, and reminded him one of the chief of the mounted by the revolvers and cared for by us at Santiago, of course we were in no wise alarmed or disconcerted, and there were forthwith much welcoming and glad greeting between us and our red friends.

Neither friends or enemies can by any possibility approach very near to the country of these red Romans of the far south, without the Aricanians themselves having apprised of their coming. Outriders and foot-fisted vanguard had many hours previously advised the red chiefs of our proximity, and Anatan, our friend-chief, whom we had known at Santiago, had thus ridden to meet us with his staff of Aricanian braves, and to conduct us to his town, which lay to the eastward, less than five leagues distant.

We were easily persuaded, and so, instead of going into town, we went expeditiously to saddle again, and a most delightful moonlight ride we had, through a lovely, picturesque country, our pretty women mingling promiscuously among the red warriors, riding stirrup to stirrup, chatting familiarly and always ridiculously loud, in Quichua, French, Dutch, Italian and English, all imperceptibly tangled into a new jargon. Spanish was scarcely used, the Aricanians never having heard of anything but Quichua, and every woman of them all falling into the popular delusion that one can make another who is ignorant of his or her vernacular, understand quite clearly by having him a crazy dream.

So we went on, all grudgingly amused during a two hours' easy ride, and then we claimed to be civilized Christians were very greatly surprised at being conducted into and through the broad, beautiful, green valley of a miniature city that we could see by the brilliant light of an unclouded full moon, was so regularly built, and far nearer in appearance than any town, either large or small, we had seen elsewhere in all our wanderings. There were no ten-story structures, marble palaces, or stately hotels, in truth—only modest, one-story houses of adobe, concrete, or the ponderous adobe-plastered work of the southwest coast, with white gleaming walls, red tiled roofs, the buildings detached—standing singly, each in the midst of a small cultivated garden plot, narrow streets crisscrossing the broad avenue of red angles, and everywhere, order, neatness, and a profusion of beautiful shade trees.

It was still an early hour when we rode into the city, and though it is probable that we were to the inhabitants quite as great a curiosity as a troupe of Bedouin Arabs would be riding through the streets of any city in the United States, I do not believe that Aricanians other than our escort could have been found in the streets of the city of Talismayo. Barbarians as they were, their sense of common decency taught them a great deal better manner than to stare strangers out of countenance in the public streets. Certainly we did discover a great many dark, dusky features peering through partially closed palanquins, but that was quite admissible under the circumstances.

We were conducted to the centre of the town, to houses that had been reserved, and a half dozen of them hastily prepared for our accommodation. Having conducted ourselves to our own quarters, our escort withdrew, Anatan, the chief, having first secured us of an

unconditional welcome by all his people, expressed a hope that we should find ourselves entirely comfortable, and concluded by saying that they should look for us to live three months in their country—they would be delighted if we would stay longer, and the Aricanians would persist in all, so that we should never want.

The red Indians had certainly been far more considerate of our wants than most Christians of any country would have been towards guests at so short notice. There were houses vacated, made clean, tidy and convenient, every luxury that their country afforded, thought of and provided, a profusion of the choicest viands prepared, food, drink, and secure enclosures were ready for our horses, and nothing that could in the least conduce to our comfort had been forgotten.

An exceedingly pleasant night was passed, and after breakfast on the following morning, we saw and made the acquaintance of the Aricanians—male and female—old and young, of the city of Talismayo.

I have no doubt that the Talismayans, like humankind the world over, had just a little of the leaves of vanity in their hearts, and they were certainly justifiable in an ambition to appear in their best before strangers. It was greatly to their credit.

Everybody was out of doors, attired for the occasion, and anxious to pay their respects to their guests, whom they were going to do their best to make very distinguished. The introductory ceremonies could not have been more admirably arranged by the ablest marshal of Europe in all Europe.

Arranged in two columns on foot, our party stood front facing each other in the middle of the avenue before our quarters, the space between our two lines being about four yards, and each line flanked by a squad of Chief Anatan's staff as a guard of honor, and then, between the two files, passed in review the inhabitants of the town, about eleven hundred in all, the aged men and women passing first in two columns, according to the right and left, taking each of our hands in succession, giving them a vigorous squeeze (not a shake), then a close hug, a word or two in the way of welcome, and then—well, I confess the last ceremonial feature was very like as if it had been borrowed some time from abroad.

The embrace and blessing disposed of, there followed inevitably and always two, in some cases three and four, absolute undigested times, right on the lips. I believe I am not shattering Miss Edith Bond as when I say that as brave and handsome a young fellow as I ever saw in any country, actually kissed the Baltimore beauty's fair, velvet cheek, and laid five red kisses upon her coral lips as devoutly as ever devotee laid his offering upon any shrine. And there was no shadow of evidence that the fair Edith was in the least offended by the extra savage civility.

As I have never seen in any country finer formed or handsomer featured men and women than a great many of the younger portion of our Aricanian friends were, and as there was not a really repulsive face belonging to our party, I am not quite positive that there was not considerably more embracing and kissing, major-general and promiscuously, than even Indian etiquette demanded. However, it was all very pleasant, and we were surprised, and Miss O'Hara, the little barbarian, being, we should remain among the savages at least six months, and visit a very large town every day or two.

So we became acquainted with our red friends, and very sociable, though there was many a ludicrous hitch in all sorts of conversation, owing to the Indians' utter determination of Spanish, though they all had a smattering of it—and our own knowledge of the language of southern Chile, the Quichua people, or the Aricanian dialect, being too limited to permit of any consecutive conversation being maintained more than three minutes without a mutual resort to the hated tongue.

Considering that so very nearly nothing is known of this noble, interesting race of red freemen and their country, perhaps the reader will not be surprised to find that we were told of what we saw and learned among the South American Aricanians. I shall endeavor to interest, amuse and instruct.

## How to Stop a Runaway Horse When Riding Horsemanship.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says:—

The following is a certain and infallible mode of effectually preventing any horse from running away with his rider, even if he takes the bit between his teeth, no matter whether the rider be a child, lady, boy or man. I have tried it and proved it and have taught it to a large number of friends these forty years. It is simply this:—When your horse attempts to run away with you, or is going faster than you wish, you can most certainly turn him round by grasping both reins in one hand and drawing them towards you until you have shortened them to the width of your horse, then press them down the reins and hold them both fast there, then with the other hand reach forward and take hold of one rein (on the same side) and draw it gently outward and toward you; this will force the head of the horse to that side and tangle his feet, to prevent which and save himself from tripping, he will turn to the side on which you are pulling the one rein, and by continuing the pulling of the rein outward he must and will turn in a circle, without any forward motion. As long as you hold the reins down on his withers and pull as above stated on one rein, you can keep him turning round and round until he ceases. Under this management, go one step forward and of course coming run away. He is effectually stopped. One thing must be attended to, which is, that when the horse is under full headway the single rein must be pulled very cautiously at first and slowly, and not suddenly and too forcibly, the horse and most probably the rider will be thrown down, by the sudden tugging of the horse's fore feet.

I have thrown horses, fortunately without hurting myself, by pulling the reins too suddenly and forcibly after the horse had got under full headway. After a horse has been subjected to this mode of treatment for a short time, there is no danger of his coming away, for the moment he feels his rider drawing up the reins and pressing on his withers he knows that the next thing will be the pulling of one rein and his being completely stopped. With a gentle bit and upon any one who can ride on in this way manage any runaway or fractious horse. I never saw it fail.

J. A. B.

## A Chapter on Soap.

For some years past I have found it extremely difficult to obtain soap as good as was in use twenty or thirty years ago. There were but two sorts, both of them good and strong; now my grocer has many varieties, all, perhaps, of better appearance, and certainly very much cheaper in price than formerly; but, judging from my own experience and the complaints of my friends, these advantages seem to have been acquired altogether at the expense of good quality.

Some kinds of modern soap have an irritating action upon the skin, and affect very injuriously both the material and color of the clothes. Some leave a disagreeable and lasting smell, and the skin feels dry and hot after using them; and this is especially the case with most of the fancy soaps, though looking pretty, and having a pleasant perfume in the cake. Some, hard enough to the touch, waste away in the water in very little time, and scarcely any, even among the best to me as the best, have anything like the wear and useful working of the old-fashioned sorts.

Being often annoyed in this way, I took advantage of an opportunity which recently presented itself, to ask advice concerning the matter from a gentleman long ago connected with chemical and soap manufacture, who gave me the following information:

Before the year 1854 there was a heavy duty upon soap, and the Kine restrictions made adulteration to any great extent unprofitable if not impossible. With the entire removal of the duty the trade of soap-making became an open one, and then all sorts of expedients were used to cheapen the cost of production, while at the same time making an article of equal or even better appearance. The effort has proved tolerably successful, and now (to use the words of a report just recently issued by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce) "spurious soaps, rivaling the best kinds in outward appearance, are very numerous, and great care is necessary in selecting a proper article." Now, so long as the public remain deceived, will these spurious kinds of soap be wanting or come to be prominent and various, seeing that the profit on the production far exceeds that yielded to the manufacturer of the genuine commodity. The cheapening of the price is, of course, in proportion to the degree of adulteration, variously effected by the superaddition of certain chemical salts and preparations of earthy matter, aided by the abundant use of soap-oil, which, besides combining readily with more extraneous substances, has the additional property of taking up and retaining excessive quantities of these strong caustic solutions which burn the skin, damage clothes, and destroy their color. The extent to which salt, alkaline, and various cheap impurities may be introduced, has scarcely any limit but the option of the manufacturer, regulated by the required degree of cheapness and the reservation of his own profit. The result may be a strange compound, as mischievous and destructive in use as any so-called "washing" or "scented" soap can be. The adulteration, indeed, consists simply of the introduction into soap itself of "soap substitutes," and what they are the Chamber of Commerce report describes, no doubt very accurately, thus: "They are as a class costly and injurious; seventy to eighty-five per cent. of water is to be found in some of them, the alkali being almost always in excess of the oil or fat. If the purchaser would only require a percentage analysis, he would see how really little is the available matter he buys under the designation of a substitute."

It is the use of soap-oil which imparts that long-lasting unpleasant odor and dryness to the skin, now so familiar almost to everybody, and generally as much disliked.

Much of the worst quality of soap is now-a-days made up into beautiful bars, squares, and tablets, bearing splendid names, odors, and colors, and as so-called. In this kind, above every other, are the public the most thoroughly and the most easily imposed upon, for they purchase at a high premium a bad article made still worse by the addition of further impurities in the shape of coloring and scent—the latter, "perfume," too often being not perfume at all, but a mixture of cheap essences, but the fragrance of a cheap liquid actually made from gas tar!

A writer on the subject of health in the February number of *Good Words* insists upon the beneficial use of soap in connection with the bath. After showing its service not only as a detergent, but as an aid to nature in the lubrication of the skin, rendering it soft and supple, and as a counteraction to the acidity of perspiration, he significantly recommends "for this purpose the common and coarse kinds of soap, which are much more efficacious than most of those sold by perfumers." It would indeed be often grateful to have a pennyworth of this common and coarse kind substituted for the scented counterfeits now too commonly found in the soap-bowls of the bath-room. When will the heads of baths and household leeches be wiser?

A purely made soap, the product of a simple chemical operation, is not difficult to distinguish. It will not lack firmness nor be over-scented; and on being cut through, a strong gleamy, wavy, or fan-like surface will be apparent. On the contrary, a cheap smooth and shiny, counterfeited, and covering plate as chosen, showing a mass of wavy or lumpy, is certainly adulterated.

Color and hardness, of themselves, are no proper tests of quality; some of the very worst kinds being the hardest to the touch and the promptest to the eye, while some of the most voluminous and serviceable of all may be an unobtrusive cream-looking substance of a dull yellow, or even a dingy brown shade.

All pure household soap can be, in respect to color, but modifications of the appearance of the three primary colors: pale yellow, stronger or deeper yellow (naturally turned brown yellow), and brown. Any differing materially from these three standards—say, for example, a very dirty light (exactly like soap, of course, white soap), brighter than brilliant, or a dark brown, or a very dark brown, is surely almost as important.

Our general and practicable means of test reduce to be mentioned: it is the price, for a pure soap cannot be a low-priced soap.

The *Club of Virtues*.—A committee of Bostonians recently visited Philadelphia, Albany and New York, with a view of inquiring into the comparative cost of living in these cities; and on their return home they reported that while the increased cost of living, compared with former times, was 125 per cent. in Boston, 100 per cent. in Philadelphia, 100 per cent. in Albany, and 100 per cent. in New York, it was 50 per cent. in London. As to whether living is so cheap now in Philadelphia as in Boston, the Boston committee are silent.



## THE LITTLE COFFIN WREATHED WITH FLOWERS.

It strange to note the dreary blank, the silence and the gloom, The loss of but one baby life can cast upon a home, When a tiny coffin wreathed in flowers is carried through the door, And earth it hath one child the less,—Heaven one angel more.

Many may deem it overwrought, who never had such grief, To mourn with this impassioned love over a life so brief; But in a thousand saddened homes, a thousand mothers know These anguish throes of yearning love, this depth of speechless woe.

Time stills the burst of passionate grief, and brings thoughts of peace, But, oh! no length of time can bid a mother's sorrow cease. Though clasped by other childish arms, caressed by others, still That vacant place beside her knee, none other e'er can fill.

And when at night the little ones their simple prayers have said, And with a kiss she softly layeth each one within its bed, Her heart unsatisfied will turn from every fond career, And long, if but for just once more, the sweet lost life to press.

She looketh on the evil world, its sufferings and its sin, And thinketh of God's paradise, her darling safe within; And thanketh God with humble heart it did but live to know The sunshine and the joy of earth, naught of its crime and woe.

But, ah! still, still within her heart there is an aching void, And the hope she has in those who are left is chastened and allowed; The home can never be the same to her it was before The little coffin wreathed with flowers was carried through the door.

## Two Men and a Woman.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Yes, Phil, I think it my duty. The country needs defenders, and who can go to its defense with less sacrifice than I? There's no one to care if I should fall, and—"

"No one, John?"

"Yes, old fellow, I know it would be a pretty bitter drop to you, but there's no one in the wide world, besides, who'd care a pinnyet."

"Have you quarreled with Alice Hayden?"

"Quarrelled with an iceberg! No! I was talking with her last night, and she was all on fire when we spoke of the war; but when, seeing how enthusiastic she was, I told her I had resolved to volunteer to-day, instead of giving me the interest and sympathy I was fool enough to expect from her, she turned away with the greatest indifference, (we were walking up Maple street,) and, looking over her shoulder, said, after a pause, 'What handsome horses! Judge Alice's, are they not? Yes, Mr. Elliott, you are one of those whose duty seems to be unmistakable. With no ties to keep you at home, I think you ought to be one of the first to volunteer.' By that time we had reached her aunt's gate, and she said, 'good-night,' very placidly, and went in without another word. So I went and put down my name the first thing this morning, and, before I left the office, ordered a carriage for all who had enlisted here to start for E—tomorrow morning."

"Oh, John! If I could only go with you!"

"At that moment the young men were joined by others, and there was no chance for further conversation, till late in the evening, Elliott rushed into Fletcher's room, and seeing his friend in look some, exclaimed, 'Congratulations, Mr. Phil!'

"I do, John. Shoulder straps will become you."

"Fellow! I don't mean that."

"What then?"

"Alice!—Why do you know the reason she seemed so indifferent was that she was afraid of showing too much feeling?"

"Yes, I know that, but I tell me!"

"Then, why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought it would sound sweeter from her lips than mine."

"Very considerate of you! What if I had gone without seeing her?"

"I knew you wouldn't."

"How did you know that? You couldn't have judged me by yourself, for I don't believe your heart ever throbbed to the quick for a woman in your life, and yet—I was foolish enough when you introduced me to Alice, to imagine that you had a weakness in that direction, and when I found that the business was done for me, I was actually afraid to tell you, till you assured me of it. You can't think what a relief it was to see you take it so easily."

"Oh! you know I'm not a susceptible youth!"

This remark was made with a forced laugh, which Elliott, in the full tide of success, did not notice.

"I know you're not. But I must tell you, my story. I was so vexed at Alice's conduct that I'd half a mind not to go near her to my goodbye; but, this evening, I thought I'd just wait by her aunt's house and see if I could catch a glimpse of her. She was standing at the gate, and I counted my hat as if I were going to pass without speaking, when she said, 'You surely are not going without bidding your friends goodbye, Mr. Elliott?' The words struck me like a bolt, and I went in the house, I answered, rather bitterly, I suspect, for she held out her hand, and said, 'At all events, you must consider me your friend, and accept of my last wishes.' I fancied her voice trembled, and her little hand when I took it was cold as the stone cake it looked like, so I took courage, and told her I could not look upon her as a friend. (She must be over a hundred—old—well! there's no need of telling all the particulars—the result is—we are engaged.) And you have been standing at the gate ever since."

"No—standing on the piazza, till her aunt came to the door and said it was time to shut up the house. I thought it barely possible that a hint was intended, and acted accordingly; but,

late as it was, I couldn't rest without telling you, Phil, for I knew my happiness would be yours."

"It shall be," was the answer, in a tone so quiet that its determination was not observed.

"Thank you, Phil! I told Alice I should leave her in your care, and she must call upon you for advice or assistance as if you were, in very truth, my brother. Did I say too much?"

"No, I accept the charge."

"Well, I must go and pack, for we start at daylight. You'll see me off?"

"I'll go home with you, John, and stay till you leave."

"That's like you, Phil!"

And so the packing was done, an hour's sleep, and the early start taken. Close at John Elliott's side walked Philip Fletcher, as the regiment marched to the depot, and as they passed Alice Hayden's window, and a little knot of ribbon fluttered down, his hand picked it up, and fastened it to John's breast.

"It shall remind me of her and of you, Phil," John whispered.

The depot reached, that hardest of hard words—"good-bye"—was said, and Fletcher found himself alone with the words—"Remember the charge I leave you!"—ringing in his ears.

It was a charge he was in no danger of forgetting, for there had been a time when he had hoped that Alice Hayden might be his charge for life.

Few men are trained in such a school of self-sacrifice as had been Philip Fletcher. In childhood, a blind sister had claimed his devotion. In youth, his college course had been interrupted by a summons home, on the death of his father, who, dying insolvent, left his invalid wife and blind daughter to Philip's care. The daughter, however, did not long survive the shock of her father's death. Of course, a return to college was out of the question, though John Elliott, rich and without relatives, entreated that his fortune might be made common property between them. Since the days of David and Jonathan, friendships such as that existing between these two have been rare. It was the growth of years—the accumulated treasure of childish tenderness, youthful fervor and manly strength; but Philip would not accept such a favor, even from such a friend, so he gathered up the fragments of his father's business, and slowly plodded on, while John grew rich by brilliant honors, and made the tone of Europe.

During his absence, Philip met Alice Hayden. He was no dreamer, but, in occasional hours of reverie over his cigar, he had pictured to himself the woman who now stood before him "a dream fulfilled." She satisfied him wholly with her spiritually lovely face, her cultured mind, and her true woman's heart, and, as to one in the circle of his acquaintance seemed to place her better than himself, he began to hope, not unreasonably, that she might learn to love him. Then John Elliott came, with his melancholy eyes, and browned face and beard—"same, saw, and conquered." A month had not elapsed from the time of his return, when Phil awoke to a realization of the fact that he and his friend loved the same woman. Then came a struggle that ended in his withdrawal from college, and his withdrawal so quiet and gradual that no one dreamed of it as such. That was in the fall of '80—with the opening of '81 came troublous times, and, in the spring, war fell like a thunder-bolt upon our land. When the President's call for men was published, Philip Fletcher's first impulse was to offer himself in answer to it. Patriotism was one of the strongest principles in his strong nature, and aside from love of country, any change would have been welcome at this time, but self and selfish inclinations must once more be set aside—and were. Phil stood and watched the train that bore his friend away, till it was out of sight. The sun had now risen, but was shrouded in dense fog—nothing more cheerful can be imagined. If he had been a woman, he would have relieved himself by a good cry; but a man, he lighted a cigar and took a walk. The days which followed were busy ones; he was thankful for that, but when the cares of the day were over, the lengthening twilight hours were almost intolerable.

John's letters came frequently, and the burden of each was "Alice." "Go and see her, Phil," the first one said. "It is a lonely life the poor child leads, and a sight of your dear old face will do her good." That evening Phil made his appearance at Miss Hayden's door, and inquired for her niece. Alice met him with a slight embarrassment, but it soon wore off, and, when he left her, she said, shyly, "Good-night, brother Phil!"

The weeks slipped into months, and the months rounded into a year. When spring came again, John wrote that he hoped soon to start for Europe. The day after the arrival of these welcome tidings came news of the bloody battle of Pittsburg Landing. John Elliott was in Grant's army, and it was with a terrible foreboding that Philip Fletcher read the bulletin that morning. He found time, during the day, to run in and say a few encouraging words to Alice, whom he found half wild with apprehension. Days of fearful suspense followed. The numbers of killed, wounded, and missing, were so large that it was long before the list of the soldiers who could be made, and, unable to wait with patience the slow progress of events, Phil wrote to John's cousin. It seemed ages before the answer came, and, even then, it brought no relief. John was "missing." So weeks passed, drawing lines around Phil's mouth, and blanching Alice's cheeks, but the end came at last.

Phil, sitting one day in his office, heard someone slowly mounting the stairs. Starting to his feet, and turning open the door, a blue uniform met his eye, but the poor cripple waving it was not John Elliott.

"Is this Mr. Fletcher's office?" he asked.

"Yes, I am Mr. Fletcher. Do you bring news?"

"Yes—but it's not good news," said the man, hesitatingly.

Phil turned and walked back into the office, dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The creature followed slowly, uttering broken words, and, when he saw that he could not be heard, he uttered himself in silence. At last the bowed head was raised, and the white lips formed one word—"Dead?"

"Dead?" A bad word the answer—then after a pause the soldier told his story. He fought beside Captain Elliott, and saw him fall. "I stopped to see if I could do anything for him," he said, "but he told me he was past help, and only wanted to send a message to his friends. I promised to take it, if I lived, and he bade me to bring his love to you." (John's love on the table.) "And this ring and a lock of his hair (he cut it off with my jack knife, he a young lady—he said you'd understand. Then he held fast back, and the next minute a ball took off my eye, and I've been in hospital ever since."

I would not describe Philip Fletcher's grief if I could. It was his lot to tell Alice the crushing tidings. She received them calmly—was icy calm for days—but nature reasserted herself for this unnatural composure by prostrating her at last with brain fever. The disease raged long and fiercely, but it contended with a young, untired constitution, which triumphed in the end. During Alice's illness, Phil took the place of a brother, attending to the thousand commissions which sickness renders necessary, and spending night after night upon the sofa, in the parlor, to be at hand in case of any change. He experienced an intense satisfaction in performing the most trivial service for the girl. John left her in his charge," he said to himself.

The last of the June roses were in blossom when Alice first left her room. Phil, coming in one day with some water-lilies, found her lying on the sofa. Her white face looked transparent as moonlight—the luxuriant curls were all gone—only a few golden waves lay about the pale forehead, and the sad eyes were almost lost in purple shadows. Dropping the lilies among the folds of her dress, he took in his both the hands she offered him, and she caught the whispered words—"Thank God he did not take you, too!"

"I wanted to go," she said, "but I suppose He had something for me to do first. You don't know how I have wanted to see you! John told me when I wanted advice to go to you as to a brother, may I?"

"If you will you will make me very happy," was the answer.

"Then I shall do so," she said, frankly. "As soon as I am able I must find something to do, and that is what I want your advice about."

"Something to do?"

"Yes—to earn money. Perhaps you do not know how poor we are. I have nothing. Aunt Mary has the use of this house during her lifetime, and a small annuity, enough for our support under ordinary circumstances, but my sickness has run us in debt—debt, which I feel it my duty to discharge."

"If you would let me—"

"I will let you help me find employment—nothing more. It will be better for me—better in every way."

"Perhaps you are right," Phil answered.

"I am sure of it. I must have something to occupy my mind—and body."

"What have you thought of?"

"Music for one thing."

"Poor pay—except for fashionable teachers."

"A situation of some kind in the seminary is the only other thing which has occurred to me."

"That's much better, and I have some influence with the principal, Professor Greene."

"I will see him to-morrow. The school is about closing for the summer, and there will be likely to be some vacancies when the fall term opens. But will you have strength for it?"

"Yes, I shall gain strength faster for having some object in life."

Phil thought the true, and the next day opened negotiations with Professor Greene, which resulted in his offering Alice the charge of the primary department. The offer was gladly accepted, and, early in the autumn, she entered upon her new duties. Under other circumstances she would have found them irksome—now they were more than welcome, and she gave herself to her work with an abandon that delighted the old professor as much as her beauty pleased his son. Alice, however, had graver subjects of thought for her leisure hours than the attentions of the children youth. Her grief was ever present, and, adding autumn brought new memories to her. When the holidays brought her home, failed rapidly, and the physician told Alice plainly could not outlive the winter. She would have resigned her situation in order to devote herself wholly to her aunt, but this the latter would not allow, so, with heart and hands full, the girl worked bravely on. Phil was everything to her in those days. It warmed her to see other visitors, and she comforted herself when it was possible, but he was always with her. Was not their love one, their sorrow one? Their names began to be coupled in the town gossip, but neither heeded it. Miss Hayden, however, gave the subject more thought.

"Alice," said she, one day, "I wish you were going to marry Philip Fletcher."

"Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Alice, in vehement remembrance. "I shall never marry. My heart is so wholly John's today as the day I gave my soul to him."

"I know it, child, but you will need a protector one of these days, and I think if John could know it, it would please him to think you had his best friend to care for you."

A burst of tears was Alice's only answer, and the subject was never resumed. Miss Hayden was rarely able to converse after that, and Alice was thankful when the holidays brought her home, failed rapidly, and the physician told Alice plainly could not outlive the winter. She would have resigned her situation in order to devote herself wholly to her aunt, but this the latter would not allow, so, with heart and hands full, the girl worked bravely on. Phil was everything to her in those days. It warmed her to see other visitors, and she comforted herself when it was possible, but he was always with her. Was not their love one, their sorrow one? Their names began to be coupled in the town gossip, but neither heeded it. Miss Hayden, however, gave the subject more thought.

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"Don't be troubled about me," she said, "there are four months to elapse before the first of May, and—with a forced pleasure—"there's no knowing what may turn up" by that time. I intend cultivating a Micawber-like hopefulness."

As the weary months wore on, however, she found hopefulness a blossom of difficult culture. Miss Stephen, with her pins and patterns, scissors, snuff, and small-talk, was not the most delightful of companions, and occasionally annoyed Alice beyond the limits of endurance.

"Are that young man's intentions serious?" she inquired, one day, after a call from Philip Fletcher.

"What do you mean?" demanded Alice, with flashing eyes.

"Say, now! I don't go into a tantrum! You're as pretty as a pink any day, and I shouldn't wonder if he popped the question 'fore long."

"He never dreamed of such a thing!" was Alice's indignant response.

"Then why does he come here so often?" queried the shrewd spinster.

"He was the dearest friend of the man who would have been my husband if he had lived," the girl answered, with quiet dignity, but her lip quivered as she left the room. The dress-maker was not the only one who annoyed her in this way, and worse than annoying was the irrepressible admiration of Stephen Greene. At the seminary, where he was writing-master, it was impossible to avoid him, but she refused to see him when he called upon her at her own house, thereby rousing the youth's indignation—she refused to see him, however, to prevent his obtruding himself upon her at every opportunity, and Alice was delighted when, in the spring, he was suddenly called away upon business. Now she felt free to walk out without the certainty of encountering her disagreeable admirer. She improved her freedom to the utmost, and the much-needed exercise began to bring back the roses to her cheeks. Returning, one evening, from a twilight ramble, Stephen's form suddenly appeared at her elbow.

"Fretful than ever, Miss Alice?" said he, "you haven't pined much during my absence, I'm afraid."

"I did not know you were to return so soon," she answered, coldly.

"You don't appreciate my society, as I do yours, or you don't think I'd been away a long time," he remarked, in an abased tone which elicited only the words—

"Very likely."

He was not to be silenced, however.

"Miss Alice," he persisted, "why can't you make up your mind to marry me? I'm able to support a wife in good style, and there are plenty of girls in your position, who'd jump at such a chance."

"I advise you set them jumping then—it's an exercise I don't incline to, even under such exhilarating circumstances."

"How sarcastic you are!" he exclaimed, angrily, laying his hand upon the gate, which she had entered, as she spoke. "You wouldn't answer Philip Fletcher in that way."

"Philip Fletcher is a gentleman—he would not address me in that way."

"You'd be only too happy if he would," was the sneering response. "Every one knows that you're in love with him—he knows it himself. If you didn't show it quite so plainly, you'd stand a better chance of catching him."

"Will you take yourself away, or shall I assist you to go?" said Philip Fletcher, rising from the piazza, where he had been sitting unobserved among the shadows.

"Oh, if you like it, it's all right, I suppose," said Stephen, having the wisdom, however, to walk away as rapidly as was consistent with his dignity.

"I came over to bring you the book we were speaking of last evening," said Philip, turning to Alice, "and, finding you out, thought I'd sit down and wait till you returned. It's well I did so, for I don't know how far that fellow would have carried his insolence if I had not been here. Alice!"

He continued, as she sat down upon the steps and covered her face with her hands—"let me save you from all such annoyances in future! Give me a husband's right to protect you. You—as she looked up at him in utter amazement—"a husband's right. I love you, Alice!"

"You are a dear friend, Philip," she answered, overwhelmed with surprise, "but it is only as a friend that I love you."

"I know it, Alice, I know that no other will ever replace John in your heart, but he left you in my charge, let me take care of you. I can do so in no other way," he urged.

The thought of being cared for was a tempting one to the poor invalid child.

"I will come for your answer to-morrow evening," he said, and left her.

The next day, after school hours, Professor Greene informed her that he should have no further need of her services after the close of the present quarter. He gave no reasons, and she asked none. She recognized Stephen's work. When Philip entered her little parlor that night, Alice laid her hand in his, and said, very simply—

"You may take care of me, Phil."

He gave her no responsive embrace. He only drew the weary young head to a resting place upon his shoulder, and kissed her forehead as softly as if she had been a sleeping child he was fearful of waking.

No plans were made that night, but it was afterwards decided that they should be married in July, immediately after the expiration of Alice's engagement with Professor Greene. The owner of the house she occupied was persuaded to allow her to retain it till that time, and Miss Stephen was made happy by being employed upon the simple duties of the household.

One evening, shortly before the time set for the wedding, Mrs. Fletcher's door-bell rang, and a servant informed her that a soldier, with one arm, had called to see Mr. Philip, and would like to wait till he came in.

"There's a look in his face, Mrs. Fletcher," she said, "that puts me in mind of some one I've seen—I can't recall his name."

"Let him wait in the library," said Mrs. Fletcher; "but, Bridget, keep your eye on him—these returned soldiers are not always to be trusted."

His face is as true as steel, no man; but I'll save my eye on him all the while, if you say so," answered Bridget.

She found the soldier a restless



"But you love her?"

"Yes! well enough to wish to give her the greatest happiness possible for her to enjoy this side Heaven!—That of being your wife!"

John went with Phil that night, instead of leaving in the two o'clock train, and worried with his journey and excess of joy, slept long and heavily. Before he woke, Phil had broken the news of his return to Alice, and Professor Gwynne, passing Mrs. Fletcher's door in his morning walk, was shocked at seeing her enter it in John's company. When John's feet were heard at length descending the staircase, Phil considered left the parlor by the French window opening into the garden, and while the poor soldier boy was fumbling at the lock in his left-handed way, the door opened, and Alice, his own golden-haired Alice, stood before him with outstretched arms.

"Come to me at last!" she cried, "oh, my darling!"

## A REMEMBRANCE.

The seasons deepen, moons have waxed and waned,  
And fleeting years have risen, and have set;  
Thrice has the spring-time blossomed, and winter reigned.

Since last we met.

Three years ago the summer blossoms were shed  
Upon the pathway we together trod,  
And summer flowers with their hues o'erexpressed  
The verdant sod.

Oh, golden season, bathed in quenchless light!  
Oh, greenest Isle on memory's lapsing tide!  
Oh, fairy realm, with wondrous home-bright light,  
And prospect wide!

I see the gleam of all those golden days,  
I scent the balmy gales that kissed thy brow,  
And through the splendor of the olden ways  
I wander now.

The sloping hills stood bathed in purple mist,  
And in their shadow lay the lake asleep;  
The languid breath of summer-time had kissed  
Its waters deep.

We lay beneath the shadow of the wood,  
Where soft the sunlight fell through boughs of pine,  
And, in the rapture of our listless mood,  
Earth seemed divine.

The druids clambered in that hoary dell,  
No sound broke on the dreamy twilight hush,  
And at our feet the lengthening shadows fell  
Mid grassen lush.

At morn we wandered through the shady ways,  
Or sat at eve beneath the sunset glow,  
My heart enraptured by the earnest gaze  
That thrilled me so.

Oh, when shall days of such unclouded joy,  
Or nights of such divine unrest, again  
Return to bless us with their sweet alloy  
Of joy and pain?

M. W. T.

## THE SECOND HUSBAND.

We often see young men in the gaiety of youth, resolve against marrying while they enjoy health and spirits; and we as often see, that some unforeseen accident disconcerts all their fine resolutions.

So it was with Julius de Mervault. Young, rich, handsome, possessing all the advantages of life, he was positively determined that as long as he was able to enjoy them, he would remain a bachelor. It would be time enough to think of marriage when he was tired of amusement. In consequence of this resolution, he had courageously resisted the numerous attacks that had been made on him. The kind attentions of the mamma who had married ladies daughters; the pretty airs of the young ladies themselves had all been met with cool indifference. But at last he met with a widow, and matters took a different turn. A widow is a two-edged sword; the most adroit master of fence can hardly escape a wound in such an encounter. Julius thought he might trifle with the lady, and found himself in love before he was aware. He had engaged himself too far to retreat, but he found it no difficult matter to reconcile himself to his fate. "After all," thought he, "what can I do better than to marry a woman who is young, pretty, rich, amiable, and irreproachable in her character? It is every way an excellent match!" So the project of celibacy was given to the winds, and the lady suffered herself to be persuaded to renounce the state of widowhood.

Soon after the wedding, a friend of Julius arrived from a journey, and came to see the bridegroom.

"I am glad to see you," said the latter. "Of course, you come to congratulate me."

"Not at all," said Frederic. "You know how sincere I am. I should have advised you not to marry; but since the step cannot be recalled, I shall content myself with saying it was a very imprudent one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Julius; "you cannot have heard anything against my wife."

"Oh, no! by no means. During her first husband's life, she lived chiefly in the country, and was but little seen in Paris. Since she has been a widow, and returned to society, she has not given the least occasion for slander. I am happy to do her that justice. In fact, I know no fault that can be found with her except her having been a widow. It is that fact, my friend, that constitutes your imprudence."

"Really, Frederic, I thought you had more sense. You are rather too sentimental."

"No, it is not as a matter of sentiment that I object to it. Did you know the late Mr. Deligny?"

"No, I did not."

"Then you do not know who you have married?"

"I know I have married a charming woman, only twenty-five years old, who is perfectly amiable, and whom, notwithstanding your odd notions, I am sure you will be delighted with, though she has had the misfortune of being a wife during four years."

"I admire the light manner in which you treat so serious an affair; you marry a woman who has come to years of discretion, without considering in the least what sort of an education she has received from her first master, or caring what responsibilities this reign of four years entails upon you."

"Indeed, I am not afraid of the past."

"Then you know something about Mr. Deligny; you have heard what was his character, his temper, his habits?"

"No, I have seen nobody who knew much about him; but there hangs his portrait in that handsome frame, look at it."

"Why, I must acknowledge that the dear deceased was not very handsome. In that point you have a decided advantage over him. Still, that may not be sufficient. There are some men who can make their wives forget their ugliness; and that very face that excites your alarm, is perhaps exactly what ought to excite them. You do not know what a degree of complaisance, what attention, what sacrifice, the original of that portrait may have considered himself obliged to use; and depend upon it, no less will be expected from you, notwithstanding your good looks."

"Well, I intend to be a good husband. I shall endeavor to make my wife happy; what more can be expected?"

"I do not know what may be expected. But why is that portrait still there? When the reign is concluded, and the interregnum past; when the people have cried, the king is dead, long live the king, it is the usual custom to transfer the emblem of defunct royalty, either to the lumber room or the garret."

"What a painting like that done by one of the first masters. We preserve it as a work of art, without reference to the original, who is dead and out of the way."

"I hope you may find that he is."

"Why do you not believe in ghosts?"

"I believe ghosts sometimes come when they are called, and I believe the apparition of a first husband is very apt to be in the way of the imprudent man who has ventured to take his place."

"The next day, the two friends took a ride together. On their return, Frederic requested Julius to go with him into the cemetery, saying with a solemn air, 'The living ought to take lessons from the dead.' They walked through several rows of tombstones, with cypresses drooping over them, till Frederic stopped and pointed out an inscription to his friend.

"Here rests John Joseph Aristides Deligny; the best of men, and the model of husbands. His incomparable widow has raised this monument to his memory."

"That is insensible," observed Derville, "is an honor to you, for you have triumphed over an eternal sorrow. But the lesson to which I would call your attention, is comprised in the first line."

"The best of men, and the model of husbands." Mark what I tell you, this epitaph will be repeated to you, and this funeral eulogium held up to you as a rule of conduct, from which you may not depart without exposing yourself to witness regret, which will not be very flattering to you; and to see your wife once more become an inconsolable widow. You smile, you do not believe me."

"How can I? I am not the happiest of husbands."

"Certainly, at this period of your marriage; you may expect to enjoy the honeymoon as everybody else does; only in the case of a widow, this moon is sometimes curtailed of its full proportions, and only lasts two or three weeks."

"Really, Frederic, if you were not such an old friend, I should quarrel with you."

"I should not be surprised if you did."

"Julius went home and dined alone with his wife. As he looked on her sweet face, and listened to her agreeable conversation, he thought of the ridiculous fears of his friend.

"Poor Frederic," said he to himself, "he certainly means kindly, but he is strangely mistaken."

His wife interrupted his meditations, by asking if he had not been riding out that morning.

"Yes, my dear, I took a ride while you were with your mother."

"And I believe you had a friend with you?"

"Yes, Frederic Derville, a charming young man."

"Charming! oh, I do not doubt that. But I have heard of the gentleman; and between you and I, that lady is one which I think is no longer very suitable for you."

"Not suitable? why?"

"Why, do not you think that a single man sometimes has acquaintances, whom it is as well to give up when he marries?"

"Certainly, but Frederic is a man of honor, and incapable."

"Oh! I dare say, but I can only judge from what I hear. Mr. Frederic Derville would be an improper acquaintance for me, and you surely would not keep up an acquaintance with a person who could not be admitted into my society."

"But, my love, when you become acquainted with Frederic, you will become convinced of your prejudice."

"I shall not become acquainted with him, I assure you."

"It is possible, Amelia? an old friend of your husband's?"

"If you choose still to consider him as such, I cannot certainly prevent it; but at least, I trust you will refrain from introducing to my acquaintance a person whose character I cannot approve."

"I hope we are not going to quarrel so soon."

"I certainly do not wish to do so, but must confess I do not expect so much opposition to a very reasonable request. But I have been deceived by the past."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that when Mr. Deligny married me, he made no difficulty in giving up any of his old acquaintances; and that the moment I had expressed my disapprobation of any person, he broke with him immediately."

"Julius could not answer. The name of Deligny had proved that Frederic was not altogether mistaken; and the honeymoon had in yet completed but half its course."

The cloud, however, soon passed away from the face of the fair pair. A little time, and this unpleasant scene was forgotten, and the bridegroom again revolved in his visions of perfect happiness, when one day his wife said to him:

"My dear, winter is drawing near; have you thought of our box at the opera, and the Italian theatre?"

"What box, my love?"

"You know how fond I am of music."

"I know that you sing like an angel."

"Then surely the angel must have at least once a week a box at the opera, and the Italian theatre."

"Why, I am not quite sure that our services will allow of such an indulgence."

"Mr. Deligny had previously the same income

as you, and in his time, I had a box every Monday at the opera, and every Saturday at the Italian theatre."

There was the phantom of the first husband coming a second time, to disturb the comfort of poor Julius; he could not resolve to appear less generous than his predecessor, so he consented to hire both boxes.

In another respect he was obliged to imitate Mr. Deligny; he saw Frederic but seldom and almost by stealth.

"I do not ask you to come to our house," said he; "I can offer you no little pleasure. We live very much alone, we see no company—you would find us very dull."

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize," said his friend with a smile, "it is not you, but Mr. Deligny, who refuses to welcome me."

Mme. de Mervault was not only one of the prettiest women in Paris, but one of the best dressed. The expense in that particular was enormous. Her husband observed one day, with a manner that was but half agreeable, "You appear frequently in new dresses."

"Is that a complaint, or a reproach?" asked the lady.

The poor husband made no reply, and the lady continued:

"Mr. Deligny always liked to see me outdressed the best dressed woman in company; he never thought his idol could be too much adorned."

"You must be a little in, and very long bills there were. That of the milliner in particular, presented a frightful amount. Julius could not refrain from expressing some surprise."

"What," cried he, "such a sum for nothing but flowers, feathers, and ribbons?"

"Do you think it much?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Really, I never had occasion to think about it. Mr. Deligny never made any remarks about such details. The bills were presented, and he paid them, and I heard no more about it."

The visits of the apparition were becoming more frequent. At first, he only appeared at intervals, but he ended by taking complete possession of the house. He was always present; he was brought in on every occasion, concealed in every debate; there was no appeal from his decisions. He ruled his successor with a rod of iron. At last, he thought it to introduce another inmate into the family, in the person of a young officer of honors, a cousin of the lady.

"I hope," said Madame de Mervault, "that you will treat my cousin Edward as Mr. Deligny used to do. He always considered our house as his home when he had leave of absence."

The tyranny of the ghost was really becoming insupportable; the only consolation Julius had, was to complain in secret to his friend Frederic.

"Ah!" said he to him, "you were quite right. Mr. Deligny does persecute me strangely; his epithet is a most unbecoming rule of conduct; and I am almost worn out with the difficulty of keeping up to it."

"You would not be the first who has sunk under such a task. I have known many unlucky fellows, who like you, had thoughtlessly married widows, without knowing anything of their past lives. Some died under the trials; the others only lived to regret; and I have heard more than one express the wish that the angels of India, respecting widows, had been the fashion in France."

Sometimes Julius would make an attempt at rebellion. Then Madame de Mervault, with tears in her eyes, would turn toward the portrait, and exclaim:

"Oh! Mr. Aristides, you would not thus have afflicted me; you loved me, and made me happy."

How was it possible to resist that?

However, one evening Julius met at a ball an old gentleman who had known Madame de Mervault during her first marriage.

"I rejoice," said he, "to see Madame de Mervault so happily married; she really deserves some compensation for all she suffered with her first husband."

"Suffered! my dear sir, why he was a model for all husbands! so says his epitaph, and so his widow says. I try to replace him worthily, but I assure you it is a difficult matter; he was so good a husband as to spoil her for any other."

"My dear sir, it is all very proper for you and her to talk so, but I happened to know Mr. Deligny very well. I spent a great deal of time with them at their country house."

"A beautiful place, was it not?"

"You have never been there?"

"Never."

"So I perceive."

The curtain was drawn; a new world was opening to the astonished husband. He went on from discovery to discovery, and found them all worth making.

Some after, he informed his wife that he was called from home by business; he refused to answer her inquiries on the subject.

"Business which I must not know!" Mr. Deligny never had any secrets for his wife.

Julius went; and on his return, found his wife in rather an ill humor; at least she seemed to make peace on some condition.

"What is it?"

"Take me to the waters of Baden, Mr. Deligny used often to go there with me."

"When you did not pass the summer at your delightful country house."

"Oh! if I had a country house I should like it quite as well to go there."

"Well, here is one for you. I wanted to give you a surprise. Make your preparations, and we will set off."

"Is it far from here?"

"You shall see."

Madame de Mervault cast down her eyes, and the phantom disappeared forever.

They returned to Paris. Julius opened his house to Frederic, who observed, "You have discovered the secret: apparitions are only to be feared in the dark."

## Sides.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY ZIG.

Not sides of sole-leather, neither of bacon, nor Old Ironsides, nor yet the side of a house. None of these; but sides of poly-sided human nature. These are indeed many. A crooked side, a straight side, a good side, a sweet side, a sour side and a mean side, a delfful side and a ridiculous side. There, and countless more, to mention which, yes, but to write down the names thereof, would need a quart of ink.

In crystallography, it is not often that you find, in its natural state, a crystal, be it feldspar, hornblende, or what you will, with all its faces exactly true and perfectly developed. So with human crystals. The best of us are more or less shab-sided. Some of us in truth are but one-sided.

There be wretches, now and then, whose one side is the DOLPHINE SIDE. Everything in the course of mortal events has, for him who chooses that look-out, a fortiori, delfful side, all limp and wilted down. As the side is, so is the man. If the side from which he views human nature is the delfful one, the man himself, hidden in the shadow of his side, will be delfful, foful, and limpy. It is easy to recognize the delfful side. They remind you ever of vinegar, rum, wormwood, chamomile, *et de cetera*. They have always sharp, thin features, mouth drawn far down at the corners, suit of faded black, and God help 'em! perpetual dyspepsia. May be that is what makes them delfful, I don't know. Either dyspepsia makes delffulness, or delffulness makes dyspepsia. I'm puzzled to my which. Perhaps the Medical Student knows.

A wise stomachic philosopher has said—"A broken heart is only another name for an over-lasting indigestion." Wise *enough*. Only delfful people always have "spells in the stomach."

They founder forever in the Slough of Despond under a cloud, going under the cloud and getting themselves so bogged therein, that for them there is no sun at all. They are untiring talkers. They pounce upon you whenever you are uncalmly enough to stumble into their way, and, in the short space of a few minutes, furnish you with material sufficient to write a new book of Lamentations, or which is better suited to modern taste, a new "Ready Side," or a work after the manner of that highly entertaining volume, "All Alone."

Then there is another strain of croakers, who take to brooding and going away as young ducks take to water; who think *fatness* is a crime, and indicate want of feeling, who are always expecting to die of heart disease and consumption, but who sometimes grow fat in spite of themselves, and who don't die. This variety of the delfful, with my hand on my mouth and my mouth in the dust, I seldom see. I know. Either dyspepsia or young ladies. It is their style to sit by themselves in attic corners, and they have a way of walking out and sitting all alone in the moonlight, spite of the bugs and dampness, to feast their soul-touching intuitions of the supreme infinitude of nonsense. Unlike the first-mentioned, they don't talk much. It is their rule to give away in secret, hiding their little griefs and miserable sorrow, and, as Miss Simmonds would say,

"Let concealment,  
Like a worm in the mud,  
Play on their damaged cheeks."

In the name of indigo and weeping willows I protest against this particular phase of the delfful side.

There is but a step from the delfful to the ridiculous. The worst, highest tragic actor is often the one who exerts also in comedy, in laughing, we see the indolent sneer of our bodies which we use in crying, so near akin are joy and sorrow. Then is it fitting that the ridiculous should be mentioned next after the delfful.

In some parts of Germany is an old sun-dial bearing this inscription, because the delfful are rare spirits now and then who make all hours shine. Happy souls they be, jolly mortals are they! These can see a ridiculous side to all mundane affairs, can turn over the worst calamities and the direst woes into subjects for jokes. They can laugh at themselves just as well as at other people; can appreciate the absurd as expressed in their own personality; just as clearly as expressed in anybody's. Fortune is the man with the eye for the ridiculous! He extracts the honey of merriment from the quinquennary of bitterness. If he collist in the army, and find his uniform a bumbag, and his relations something worse, he writes witty newspaper articles about it, and really does something very funny in the process with which his tone and character stick out—something extraordinarily comical in the idea of going without his supper.

The ridiculous side is much less fully represented in the world than the delfful side. Once in a while bright spirits beam out, whose fun and brilliant melt down that straight-lined and very orthodox old delfful, foful, and even light up their bright countenances with a smile. So that she actually tolerates them when they make merry over her prin ladyship's own weakness. Such, when by a rare chance they appear, in the "hundred years or so, go down to after generations as great wit. And here arises the question: Why have there been so many reformed actors, doctors, preachers, and all that ilk, and so very few reformed wits? I will tell you. It is not because the mirthful faculty is so very rare in the world, nor because the material for mirth is so very scarce. It is that wretched old crooked Side, Sundry is conservative, proper, and the delfful side is strictly orthodox, while the ridiculous side is a heretic, a consummate, breaking down her orthodox, making by storm her own gravity, with outlandish impertinence. We all know the story of that comic poet of whom it might be said, as Lamb would say of his beloved Mr. White: "He carried away with him all the fun of the world except his side."

This comic poet had joked all his life, and on his dying day, his last words were, no laughing, gloomy fancies, no black glimmers of terror and gloom—but a joke, a pleasant, merry joke. The going down of his was very rare, and his attempt at mirthfulness obliterated what he thought was a gift, to reveal his beloved mortal once again, but his narrow heart set

tally gave to the dying man a bottle of ink! The horrified servant told him the mistake, and the poet could only reply, faintly: "Let me swallow some blotted paper." That was the very last he ever said. Barring only the ink, was not that a "happy death?"

I put in my plea for the full recognition and cultivation of the ridiculous side. It prevents human nature in her happiest moments, with no wrinkles on her visage, and laughter and jollity beaming from her eyes. Happy are they who look on her from the ridiculous side! They never torment them not; they can joyfully laugh and grow fat, all their lives laughing more and more, every year growing fatter and fatter, so that to them is the purple joy of life one continuous merry round.

Blamed be the ridiculous side!

THE CAUSES OF THE VARYING COLOR AND SALINITY OF THE OCEAN.

Any one who has made a veritable sea voyage cannot have failed to notice the intensely blue color of the water in certain parts of the ocean. In the vicinity of land, he will have seen the water of a bright green color, which will be found to prevail until soundings come to be struck. In the deep unfathomable parts of the ocean, he will have seen the water of a blue as to be fully as dark as the strongest solution of blue vitriol; and even in the regions where deep blue is the general color of the sea, he may have seen, if he have been in the Gulf Stream, or gone "down the Trades," a deeper blue than the deepest, in certain particular localities. There is a current in the China Sea that washes the Aleutian Islands, and is so dark, as compared with the other waters of the ocean, that the Japanese call it the Black Stream. Other ocean currents there are, and particular portions of the ocean itself, which are more blue than their neighbors. Every West India voyager knows the marvellous blue of the Trade-wind waters.

Some people, even those who are familiar with many facts of physical geography, account for this blue color by the reflection of the blue firmament in the mirror of the ocean; some ascribe it to the depth of the water, asserting that of the green water which is found near land were piled up in a basin as deep as that which holds the blue water, its color would then, through some strange mutation, brought about by volume, be the same dark blue.

Now, while it is certain that the brightness or dullness of the sea affects the color of the deep sea so far as to make that which on a bright sunny day is an intense blue, an equally intense black when the day is overcast and sunless, it is quite as certain that the reflection of the firmament has nothing to do with the originally dark color of the water. If it had, the same effect would be produced on the sea as on land, in a less degree, perhaps, but still produced; while, at all events, it would be wrought beyond all question in the great northern seas, when circumstances favored the reflection—and yet, under circumstances whatever, it is ever produced upon them. Their waters, no matter how bright the day, or how clear the sky, are ever green.

Then, as to the reason founded on the depth of the sea, the argument based upon the over-reeness of the unfathomable north seas, applies against it with as much force as it does against the reflection theory. Besides, what would be true of the water near land, in one latitude, would be true of the water near land in another; so that the sea about the Caribbean Islands should be green on soundings as it is green in the English Channel. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so. The waters of Carlsbad Bay, Barbadoes, of Kingston Harbor, St. Vincent; and of the West India Islands generally, are almost as blue as the mid-ocean waters. Look down over the side of a vessel anchored in either of the places mentioned, and you will see the bottom, through a medium so blue as to make you think you are lying in a sea of sulphate of copper. There are good reasons why the blue is not so intense as it is further at sea, but it is blue very distinctly, and never under any circumstances is green.

The true cause of this blue color of the ocean is to be found in the salinity of the ocean; and in the case of the West India waters, to the absence of those causes which are in full operation in more northern latitudes, and which as clearly mark the seas of those regions to be different from those more southerly, as their respective climates are distinguished by different degrees of heat and cold.

It is observed in the ponds or brackish water of salt-works, that the more concentrated the water the bluer the color of it, the salinity of all kinds of a sea nearly as deep as that of the brackish water. The light-green color of the North Sea and the Polar Sea, is to the blue of more southerly waters what the middle blue-violet is to the violet in crystallization taken place; and the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the Caribbean, and the waters of the Trade-wind region, are to the latter color of the Atlantic the last violet is to the prismatic violet; that is to say, the dark-blue sea is color than the light-green sea, and the deeper the blue the color the water.

Now, this difference of density in sea-water is not mere supposition, but an ascertained fact, the amount of saline matter contained in one part differing from that contained in another, in the following proportions, the water of the English Channel being taken as one: The Baltic Sea, 0.19; the Black Sea, 0.41; Irish Channel, 0.94; Mediterranean, 1.11; coast at the equator, 1.13; North Atlantic, 1.16; South Atlantic, 1.20; Dead Sea, 10.96. This is only a general statement. Experiments have shown that the water of the Bay of Biscay contains three and a half per cent. of salt; the water of the Trade-wind region, four and four-tenths; and that in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Cod, four per cent.; and that the water of the Mediterranean contains four and one-tenth per cent. of saline matter.

If the blue color and the difference of density did not speak plainly enough, there is the additional fact, that ships copper, in the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, is more corroded than in waters north of this latitude, so that there are more chemical agents at work in them than in those others.

While the Baltic Sea is, as shown above, almost blackish, it is remarked that if all the salt contained in the water were evenly spread over the north-west Trade region of the Atlantic could be heaped into one place, it would cover an area equal to the size of the British Islands in the depth of fourteen feet. The Trade-wind region is the richest part of the Atlantic, it being thus ascertained that the heaviest salt is all that comes to land between the pond-



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